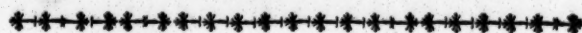


*K. Shakespeare (10.)*

A PARODY ON

SHAKESPEAR'S celebrated Description of  
the Seven Stages of Human Life.



— Sir Plume,

— Religion's made a farce ;  
And Parsons are but men, like you or me :  
They have their foibles, and their fopperies ;  
And one sees amongst them sundry characters.  
To mention only seven—And first—the Curate,  
Humming and hawing to his drowsy herd—  
And then the Pedagogue, with formal wig,  
His night-gown, and his cane ; ruling, like Turk,  
All in his dusty school.—Then the smart Priest,  
Writing extempore (forsooth !) a sonnet  
Quaint, to his Mistress' shoe-string.—Then the Vicar  
Full of fees custom'ry, with his burying gloves ;  
Jealous of his rights, and apt to quarrel ;  
Claiming his paltry, penny-farthing tithes,  
E'en at the Lawyer's price.—Then the Rector,  
In sleek surcingle, with good tithe-pig stuff'd ;  
With eyes up-swol'n, and shining double chin ;  
Full of wise nods, and orthodox distinctions ;  
And so he gains respect.—Proceed we next  
Unto the old Incumbent at his gate,  
With filken skull-cap ty'd beneath his chin ;  
His banyan, with silver clasp, wrapt round  
His shrinking paunch ; & his fam'd, thund'ring voice,  
Now whistling like the wind, his audience sleeps  
And snores to th' lulling sound.—Best scene of all,  
With which I close this reverend description,  
Is your Welsh Parson, with his NOBLE LIVING,  
*Sans shoes, sans hose, sans breeches, sans every thing !*



FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

*46.*  
*10.*  
*41.*